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TERMINATORS X

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APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



BOGDANOVIC & MILGROM '88

THERE BELOW--
NASTIRH'S
PALACE OF
THE DEAD!

INSIDE
QUICKLY!
SUN IS
RISING!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

SPEED DEMON!

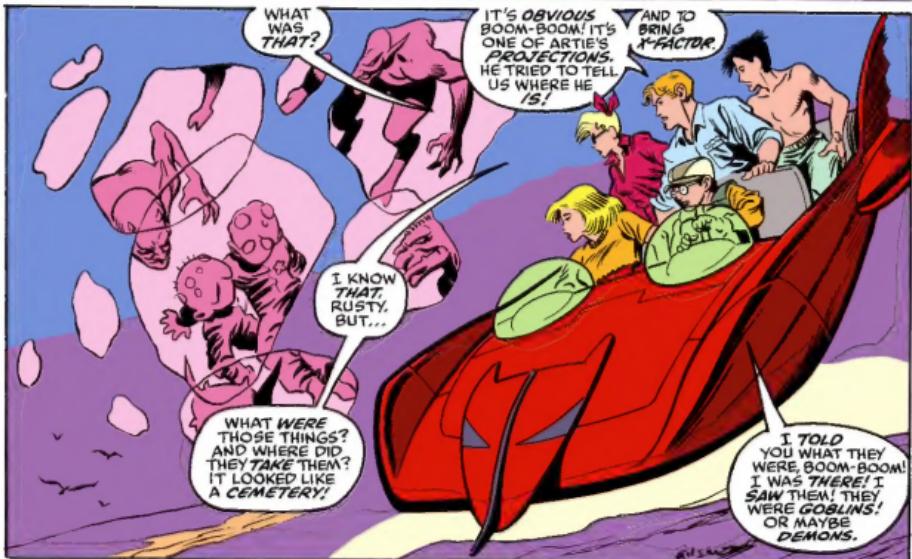
LOUISE SIMONSON JON BOGDANOVIC AL MILGROM JOE ROSEN JOHN WELLINGTON BOB HARRAS TOM DEFALCO
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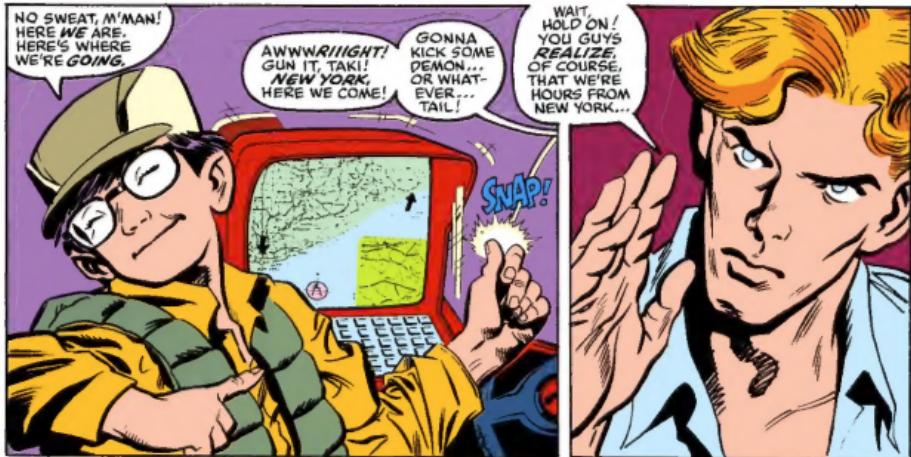
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WHILE IN
NEW YORK...







BOOM!



THAT IS PRECISELY THE MESS I WAS TRYING TO AVOID!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WERE TRYING TO PROVE, BOOM-BOOM OR WHO YOU WERE PROVING IT TO--

BUT YOU'VE DESTROYED THAT SODA MACHINE! THE GAS STATION OWNER WILL HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT!

BUT THE REAL CHALLENGE IS TO USE OUR INBORN POWERS TO MAKE A CONTRIBUTION TO SOCIETY.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE YELLING AT ME FOR. YOU WANTED QUARTERS... I GOT US QUARTERS!

HMM... THE PEPSI CHALLENGE!

TA-DA!

PEPSI

IT'S TOO BAD TAKI CAN'T RE-CONFIGURE THE PEPSI, TOO! I COULD USE A SODA TO WASH THESE FRUIT PIES DOWN!

NEXT TIME, THINK ABOUT THAT BEFORE YOU EXPLODE THE SODA MACHINE.

THE CALL WON'T GO THROUGH. I CAN'T EVEN GET INTO NEW YORK.

SNACKS

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO CONTACT X-FACTOR FROM NEW YORK.

HEY, BOOM-BOOM, YOU GOT ANY CHOCOLATE ONES?

HOW YOU GUYS CAN PUT THAT STUFF IN YOUR BODIES! ALL THAT SUGAR... IT'S WHITE DEATH, YOU KNOW!

DOESN'T TASTE LIKE DEATH! TASTES LIKE GOLDEN, TENDER SPONGE CAKE AND CREAMY FILLING! IT'S THE CUTTING EDGE OF TASTE.

YOU KNOW YOU REALLY WANT IT!

NO WAY! WHAT I REALLY WANT ARE SOME BEAN SPROUTS AND TOFU ON BROWN RICE WITH MISO...

...BUT I'D SETTLE FOR GRANOLA AND YOGURT!

OH... YUCK!

WHILE IN
MONTEBELLO,
NEW YORK...

TIMMY'S STILL
ASLEEP. NO
WONDER, THE
SUN ISN'T
EVEN UP.



NO...BETTER
LET YOU SLEEP
A LITTLE
LONGER.



HOW DO YOU MANAGE
TO LOOK SO GORGEOUS
SO EARLY IN THE
MORNING?

THERE'S A HIDEOUS
PORTRAIT IN THE CLOSET,
IN CURLERS, FACE CREAM
AND A ROBE. WANT SOME
TOAST?



MORE BULLISH
THAN BEARISH,
AT LEAST FOR
NOW... AND FOR
THAT WE CAN BE
GRATEFUL.

THE **BIG** NEWS
SEEMS TO BE
THE WEATHER...







SOON, NOT FAR AWAY...

IT'S FREEZING UP HERE IN THE WIND... EVEN IF IT IS SUMMER DOWN THERE!

YEAH, I KNOW. AND MY FIRE DOESN'T HELP MUCH, DOES IT?

NOT MUCH. MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST LAND AND TELL THE COPS.

NO WAY! TAKI TRIED THAT ALREADY. IT MIGHT HELP IF WE HAD SOME MUSIC...!

YOU WANT MUSIC, BOOM-BOOM?

YOU GOT--HEY, LISTEN!

...THREE MUTANT TEEN-AGED CHARGES, OF THE X-FACTOR ORGANIZATION, WERE KIDNAPED FROM EXETER TONIGHT...

INVESTIGATION TO SEE IF THIS INCIDENT IS TIED TO THE ESCAPE OF THE MUTANT, RUSTY COLLINS, FROM THE PORTSMOUTH NAVAL PRISON...

THE TEENS WERE LAST SEEN HEADING SOUTH TOWARD NEW YORK CITY...

WELL, THAT TEARS IT. NO COPS. WE'RE WANTED... BY THE ENTIRE EAST COAST.

LOOK, MAYBE WE SHOULD LAND. BOOM-BOOM'S PRACTICALLY BLUE, AND WE NEED CLOTHES...

...IF ONLY TO MAKE OURSELVES LESS CONSPICUOUS WHEN WE REACH NEW YORK.

LOOK! MASTER'S GLASSES SHOW! POWER-UP IN SKY!

WHAT DO THEY MEAN, KIDNAPED? YOU CAME VOLUNTARILY!

OLD POWER!

SMELL! SMELL HIM! IS BOY WHO FIRED AT US. BOY WITH MAGIC CHAIR!

LAST ISSUE, BOB.

THERE'S A CLOTHING STORE RIGHT HERE! AND WE'RE BETTER OFF GRABBING CLOTHES NOW, WHILE THE TOWN'S STILL ASLEEP.

BOOM-BOOM, NO!





AND
WE'RE GOING
TO FIGHT THE
EVIL MUTANT-
GOBLIN-
WHATEVERS
AND RESCUE
OUR FRIENDS,
RIGHT? THAT'S
THE HERO PART!

AND WE WORK TOGETHER!
SO WE'RE A TEAM!



MMMMMM! HE WOULD LOOK
GOOD IN TIGHTS, WOULDN'T
HE?











WHILE HALF AN ISLAND AWAY...

HEY, JERMAINE! WANNA PLAY LAZER TAG?

MY STUPID SISTER AN' HER CRYBABY FRIEND JUST SPLIT AN' WE GOT TWO EXTRA RIGS!

I CAN'T! I GOTTA WATCH RUSSEL...

WE'LL HELP YOU KEEP AN EYE ON HIM...

YEAH, OKAY! I GUESS IT CAN'T HURT FOR JUST A MINUTE.







THIS TIME WE THINK THINGS THROUGH
BEFORE WE LEAP INTO TROUBLE.

FIRST WE RESCUE
ARTIE AND LEECH.

FROM THE
GOBLINS!

WHATEVER!

THE MAIN
THING IS TO
FIGURE OUT
WHERE THEY
ARE!

THE MESSAGE
ARTIE SENT
LOOKED LIKE
A GRAVE-
YARD!

AND, FROM
THE ANGLE,
IT LOOKED
LIKE QUEENS.

UH... GUYS...

PROBLEM IS...
THERE MUST BE
A HUNDRED
CEMETRIES
THERE!

IT WOULD
TAKE DAYS
TO CHECK
THEM ALL!

LISTEN, GUYS,
I JUST SPOTTED
ONE OF THOSE
NONEEXISTENT
GOBLINS!

IN PERSON, MAYBE...
BUT IF WE COULD
GET AERIAL MAPS...

WHAT ABOUT THE
LIBRARY?

YEAH?
WHERE?

BUT SINCE I COULDN'T
POSSIBLY HAVE BECAUSE
THERE ISN'T ANY SUCH
THING, I'LL JUST GO
CHECK IT OUT BY
MYSELF.

I'LL FIND THE
GOBLINS AND
TRANSFORM MY
CHAIR TO BLOW
THEM AWAY!

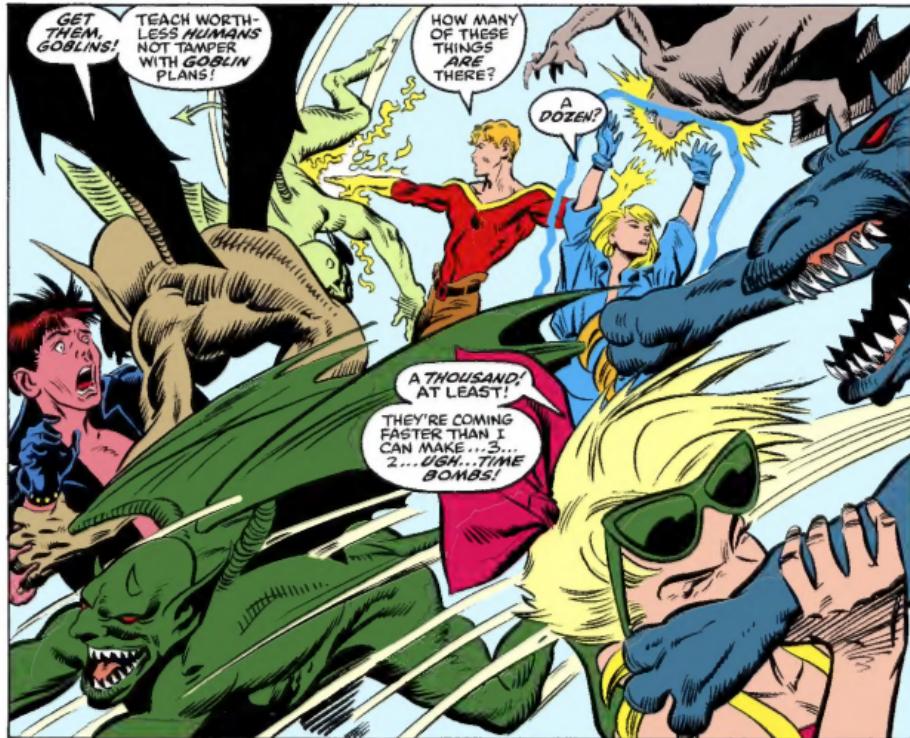
I'LL BRING
YOU BACK SOME
GOBLIN PELTS...
AND ARTIE AND
LEECH, TOO!

THEY'RE SO
CAUGHT UP IN THEIR
PLANS, THEY DIDN'T
EVEN HEAR ME!
THEY ACT LIKE I'M
NOT THERE!

I THOUGHT
THINGS WOULD
BE DIFFERENT...
THAT I'D BE PART
OF THE TEAM...









"...WE'RE GOING TO GET HIM BACK!"

MAWHTTER... CROTUS
BRING YOU PRESENT!

I DO NOT WANT PRESENTS, CROTUS... BUT OBEDIENCE! THIRTEEN INFANTS OF POWER AND PURITY...

...WHO WILL ACT AS FOCUSES FOR MY POWER... AND FORCE OPEN LIMBO'S GATES!

BY MY EFFORTS, THE WALL THAT SEPARATES THIS DIMENSION FROM LIMBO GROWS THIN.

BUT I AM HARD PRESSED TO COMPLETE AND REINFORCE ALL SPELLS REQUIRED IN THE SHORT TIME THAT IS LEFT TO US!

BUT, MAWHTTER-CROTUS BRING YOU GIFT... NOT OF TIME, BUT OF SPEED.

THIS BOY GOT SPECIAL SORCERY OF THIS DIMENSION...

HE GOT COMPUTER... TELL HIM, BOY... TELL HIM WHAT COMPUTER DO--!

YOU PROGRAM IT... AND IT PROCESSES INFORMATION... REALLY QUICKLY, BUT--

IT EVEN GOT CHECKER FOR CHECKING SPELLS, MAWHTTER! CROTUS GIVE HIM TO YOU, FREELY.

BUT, MAWHTTER, CROTUS HUNGRY, CROTUS NEED RENEWAL, MAWHTTER... WILL YOU NOT FEED CROTUS MUTANT CHILDREN?

NEXT ISSUE: GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER?

MINUTEMEN



Sy13nt Bob